"ASCANIO."

SAINT SAENS'S NEW OPERA—HIS FLIGHT FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 22.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

The opera of "Ascanio," the score of which is by M. Saint Saens and the libretto by M. Gallet, is borrowed from M. Paul Meurice's drama of "Benvenuto Cellini," which was an adaptation of the elder Dumas's novel of "Ascanio." The drama had a great run at the Porte Saint Martin, where Melingue modelled a statuette on the stage. It is hard to follow the libretto, or indeed, to understand it well, unless one knows both the novel and its adaptation.

Benvenuto Cellini, one of the great artists whom Francis I brought from Italy and loaded with favors, lives in Paris, and not alone. His fair companion is Scozzone, also an Italian, whose passion for him is ardent and demonstrative. His favorite pupil, Ascanio, whom he took into his studio because he was poor and whom he endowed with artistic genius, is treated by him as a son. For the misfortune of all, the Duchess d'Etampes, the inamorata of Francis I, visits the studio, falls in love with Ascanio, and writes to him to meet her by moonlight in some Royal garden. The letter falling into Benvenuto's hands, he decides to go himself to her rendezvous and to prohibit the Duchess from thus luring his pupil to his ruin. She is furious at this intrusion, and in order to be avenged gets King Francis to dismiss the great artist from his place of silversmith to the court. Her passion is made keener by her discovery that the heart of Ascanio is taken by Colombe d'Estourville, daughter of the Provost of Paris, who is a henchman of the Duchess. The young girl returns the love of which she is the object. Things are complicated by Benvenuto seeing her from his studio, and being carried away by her artless graces, innocent air and maidenly loveliness. She often comes on the balcony, and he avails himself thereof to model a statuette in Colombe's image. Scozzone discovers this, storms, and vows vengeance, and falls in with the Duchess d'Stampeso. Together they concoct a plan to get Colombe married to the Viscount d'Orbec. The King, set on by the Duchess, orders the marriage. But Benvenuto determines to have the Provost's daughter carried off to a place of safety, under the protection of Queen Clarde at the Ursuline Convent. To disarm suspicion, he places her in a reliquary which he made for the nuns. Nobody could guess that it contained Colombe. "The stratagem must succeed!" cries the goldsmith. Unfortunately, however, Pagalo, an inattentive and traitorous pupil, knows of the concealment and tells the Duchess. Thereupon the latter and Scozzone again put their heads together. They decide to get the reliquary taken to the palace of the former, on its way to the nunnery, and to keep it for several days. For the young girl's misfortune, the box in which she lies hidden shuts with a spring, and cannot be opened from the inside. It had been planned that she was to die of hunger. But Scozzone, though hot-headed, is good-hearted, and relents. She has been carried away with admiration at the magnanimity of the goldsmith in sacrificing his own happiness to that of Ascanio, and slips, instead of the girl, into the reliquary, whilst the latter, dressed as Scozzone, follows it without being recognized. She reaches the convent in safety, while the Italian woman is at the Duchess's.

On the third day that evil personage opens the reliquary, and places her hand on one that is cold as stone. Her rival is dead, and killed by Madame d'Etampes!

Benvenuto is restored to the King's favor, which he wins by casting in three days, in gold, a grandiose Jupiter, which Francis I wanted for a table ornament. The artist asks the hand of Mademoiselle d'Estourville for his favorite pupil, and the King accords it, but considers it necessary to go through the formality of asking the Duchess to consent. She, believing Colombe dead, has no objection. As she says so, the fair young being comes in, the picture of health and happiness, and rushes into the arms of Ascanio. Terrified, the Duchess orders the reliquary to be opened, and the body of Scozzone is brought to light.

The whole act of the reliquary is obscure and puzzling, and the stage accessories are too poor to afford a compensation for want of interest. The scene is more elegant than dramatic. Nothing in it takes hold of the memory. Every one says, How refined; how cultivated; what exquisite taste. But they avow fatigue because it is so hard to follow. There is no strength of wing, and the sense of melody is wanting. Gounod at a rehearsal called it "Music for an aristocratic house," by which perhaps he meant that it would suit persons having a nice, cold varnish of gentility. It is wanting in originality and emotion. But the orchestration is that of a master perfect in his art. M. Saint Saens, who usually follows the methods of the new school in avoiding airs, duos and morceaux as vehicles of expression, introduces frequently motifs melodiques. In the part of Benvenuto there are some melodious passages, which are almost perfect in their way. Some choral parts have an Italian ring. He seeks not to offend the ears of those who are true to the old school of operatic music.

The publishers of pianoforte music will find a good deal in "Ascanio" to suit them. In the first act there is a telling lyrical dialogue between Benvenuto and Ascanio, in which the former speaks of his devotion to art. In the second act there is a charming scene and almost delicious music. An old beggar blesses the pair of billing and cooing lovers, Colombe and Ascanio. A gay, animated scene is that of the taking of the Tour de Nesle by Benvenuto's pupils with a crowd of Parisians of the sixteenth century behind them. Francis I had given that royal residence to his goldsmith, but the Governor, in obedience to the Duchess, refuses to let him enter into possession. Light and trifling music expresses the feeling of the crowd. The song of la Scozzone is an adaptation of a sixteenth century ballad. The ballad, without accompaniment, of Colombe is a gem. Vocalists henceforth will have no excuse for being unable to sing unaccompanied. Then there is a noble scene filled with lyrical declamation between Benvenuto and Ascanio. In the fourth act one is thrilled by the scene between Benvenuto, Scozzone, Ascanio and Colombe, in which Benvenuto determines to bury his love for Colombe in his heart forever and be magnanimous.

And the ballet? Here M. Saint Saens is at his best. The orchestra has only to deal with daintily capricious and ingeniously composed music. It is like an echo of what was current in the sixteenth century. There are passages that would suit the comedy scenes in the "Merchant of Venice." The subject of the ballet is a fete given by Francis I to Charles V in his gardens of Fontainebleau. Of course an allegory is brought in. The nymph of the garden has invited Diana, Minerva, Juno, Bacchus, Apollo and the Muses to witness a dance into which Psyche's misfortune and the judgment of Paris are brought. When Venus receives the apple she hands it to la belle des belles, namely, the King's mistress.

For motives of thrift, the dancers are not clothed in the fashion of the Renaissance, but in ordinary garments. The allegory is cheaply got up, and there is no magnificence in Fontainebleau—so magnificent nevertheless in the time of Francis I. The other tableaus are Benvenuto's studio with his busy pupils, the visit to it of the King and court, the close of the Old Augustines and the Tour de Nesle, and the rooms of the Duchess d'Etampes at the Louvre, which are anything but splendid. In regard to the costumes of the leading personages, the King and Duchess are richly dressed, according to the portraits of them at the Louvre and Fontainebleau. But the managers, in dressing the smaller fry, went on cheap sides. The vocal performance was not all round good. Lasalle as Benvenuto was at his best, and greatly applauded. Cossira was a rather nice tenorino, but in a frightful blue dress. Mlle. Ading was a caricature of the Duchess d'Etampes, she being fair, fat, over forty, to judge by her walk and figure, and not pleasing as a vocalist. Miss Eames, of Boston, however, was charming as Colombe, though a little stagey in her gestures. Mlle. Bosman worked wonders in her mezzo-soprano voice in the score of la Scozzone, which was written for a contralto. But now get that rara avis without paying a great price? Sopranos spring up thick as blackberries in all the conservatories and leading vocal schools of Europe. The light soprano is becoming a drug. But a first-rate contralto is worth her weight in gold.

M. Saint Saens has disappeared. No wonder. His nerves could never have stood the makeshift accessories of "Ascanio," for which but a single new tableau was ordered. The other tableaus were composed with old scenes and rehashed costumes. The music being poor in melody and wanting in soul, stood in need of all the "sauce" the costumers and scene painter could give it. M. Saint Saens is a bundle of nerves; not by any means the best organization for an artist, who needs often to retire completely within himself and shut out the outer world. He cannot do this if the nerves are in a constant state of worry. There is no opportunity for unconscious cerebration, which is the great fount of inspiration. M. Saint Saens has talent, and of a high order. But talent is one thing, and genius is another. He is like those writers of leading articles who can spin clever newspaper or magazine articles on no matter what subject or on no subject at a moment's notice, and never write a thing that is worth being remembered. In personal appearance he is small, slender, has a long and high-bridged aquiline nose, and a face that expresses high-strung nerves and sensibilities rather than strong emotions, or, indeed, force of any kind. I saw him and that serene Russian giant, Tourgueneff together, and was struck with the contrast they presented one to the other. M. Saint Saens excels in arranging music for orchestra and as a pianist. His music is in the nature of arabesques, beautiful, fantastic, free, easy and quite soulless and saying nothing to heart or soul. As a pianist he has a wonderful touch, clear, sharp, hard in staccato passages, as if an ivory mallet covered with a light sheath of India rubber were beating on the keyboard. All the muscular power comes from the knuckles. His agility in swift passages is prodigious. But he lacks feeling in those which should be soft and sentimental. He is a product of a highly artificial civilization, in which art is second nature. He is a bachelor. He adored his mother, as Castelar adored his sister. Since her death he has taken to wandering and keeps the flat where she died shut up. In her time he loved it as the male bird loves the nest in which its feathered family is gathering strength and growing wings.

E. C.

IN THE SOCIALISTIC STATE.

WITH THANKS TO EDWARD BELLAMY.

Translated from the German.

Time—Seven a. m.

Scene—Breakfast-room of Citizen G, 357a.

Citizen—Ann, is the coffee ready?

Citizeness G, 357b—No. I have no beans left. I was too weak yesterday to call for our ounce of beans at the public office. Then we have no wood or coal. They give us only half a pail per day, and that is not half enough.

Citizen G, 357a—Mother, don't grumble.

Wife—I wanted to warm for you yesterday's state dinner.

Citizen—But you know, Ann, I cannot eat peas and pork. What will they give us to-day?

Wife—Beans and corn-beef.

He—Always peas or beans.

She—Be patient, old man. You'll have your favorite dish, sour eel soup, on the second Sunday of next month.

He—Has "The Socialist" arrived?

She—Here it is.

He (reads)—"All children about to reach the age of five years during this current year must be delivered to the public academy on the 16th inst." "All girls about to reach the age of fifteen years must have their names entered in the marriage register before the 17th." "The former Minister of Trade had an accident yesterday while carting manure and sprained his ankle." "As henceforth all houses are to be built alike, the profession of architect is abolished." "The general dress for next summer is ordered to be a blue blouse, with soldier's trousers. All the military uniforms are to be used up." "Three hundred and fifty-seven former, now useless, gold-smiths will be employed as street-car drivers, mail carriers, etc." "Lamps may burn only from 5:30 to 9:30 p. m. from next November 1." "Four hundred masons and carpenters were sent from New-York to Pittsburg to be employed in the mines in that neighborhood. Perhaps their families will be sent after them." "Day before yesterday 2,560 women of over forty years—" Come in!

Inspector of the People's state—Does Citizen G, 357a live here?

Citizen—My name is Smith.

Inspector—We have no names any more; for one might have a high-sounding, the other a vulgar name. Equality above all. Now, tell me why are you still in bed? The public day begins at 7.

Citizen—I am sick.

Inspector—Then you ought to have turned out at 6 o'clock and reported for examination at the office. Get up immediately. (To the wife)—What are you idling about here?

Citizen—I do not wish you to talk to my wife with such familiarity.

Inspector—Nonsense! We don't know any such thing as familiarity, for we stand all on the same footing. You are detailed to pave the street.

Citizen—But I am a jeweller.

Inspector—Nonsense! Jewellers are no longer needed. Here is an official notification for you. Your oldest daughter will be married to-morrow.

Wife—But to whom?

Inspector—To Citizen F, 3,654, or Citizen L, 639. It has not yet been decided.

Wife—But she would like to have W, 347.

Inspector—That does not concern us. She has to make up her mind, or else she will be sent to Fools' City. Your youngest child is five years old and you have concealed it. I'll take him with me now, and he may come and visit you in about a year. (Father and child get ready and leave the house with the Inspector.)

HE DIDN'T HEAR JENNY LIND.

From The Kansas City Journal.

"Did I ever hear Jenny Lind?" said J. C. Stewart, of the Fat Men's Club, the other day. "No, but I'll tell you how near I came to hearing her. You probably don't remember when the Swedish songstress came to America under the management of P. T. Barnum, but I don't think I'll ever forget it. It was a good many years ago, and I was a boy, a pretty good-sized one, knocking around New-York City. The night of Jenny Lind's concert came, and I was crazy to hear her; but I didn't have any money, and there I was. I hung around the door of the theatre after the concert had begun. By and by several gentlemen came out bareheaded. I was willing to adopt almost any means to get inside, so I went up to one of these who had just come out, and said:

"'Say, Mister, let me have your check so I can get in and hear Jenny Lind sing.'

"'Why, they're not giving out checks, my boy,' he replied. 'When one gets inside he checks his hat, and if he wants to go out between times he goes bareheaded, and when he goes back the absence of his hat indicates that he has been inside.'

"Well, a bright idea struck me—at least, I thought it was a bright idea. So I quietly went up to the entrance, and, unseen, took off my hat and pushed it up under my vest. Then, putting on a bold face, I walked into the theatre without being molested. I sat down in a vacant chair and waited for Jenny Lind. Presently a big, heavy-set fellow came and sat down beside me. He made some ordinary remark, and then said:

"'Say! These people think they're pretty smooth here, and that no one can get in without paying, but I fooled 'em. I just shoved my hat up under my vest and walked in with the other bareheaded fellows that had come out before.'

"'Is that so?' I replied, thinking it was a great joke. 'Why, that's just the way I got in.'

"'You did, eh?' said the big man, with a grin. 'You — — —. I just sized you up for getting in that way. Now you get out of here.'

"I didn't wait," concluded Mr. Stewart, "for the man who laid the trap into which I fell so easily was a special policeman. That's just how near I came to hearing Jenny Lind."

A CRUEL APRIL FOOL'S TRICK.

From The Albany Express.

Yesterday was "All Fools' day," but the tricks that were played were few and far between, and the practical jokers were to be found mostly among the small boys, who thought it great fun to affix bits of paper and other things to the backs of unsuspecting companions. Of course many a quiet practical pleasantry was perpetrated among private circles; but, as stated, there was little evidence of the "game" of the day in public.

Troy naturally "distinguished" itself as it always does, as the following from "The Troy Standard" will show:

"One of the most despicable, criminal tricks ever played on April 1 or at any other time, was perpetrated on Fulton-st. between Fourth and Fifth sts., this morning from 8 to 10:30 o'clock. Three loafers in a saloon in that locality amused themselves by placing a red-hot horseshoe on the opposite sidewalk. They did not have the courage to appear themselves, but employed a bootblack to do their brutal and outrageous work, the boy appearing every few minutes carrying the heated iron in a pair of tongs. Three ladies were severely burned, and one of the number could not repress the tears of pain that came to her eyes as she took hold of the iron. A lady named Mrs. Lyon was one of the injured, and her husband will cause warrants of arrest to be issued. Several gentlemen who witnessed the third contact with the horseshoe denounced the proceeding and threatened to raid the saloon. Their emphatic utterances put a stop to the business.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A LEOPARD.

From The St. James Gazette.

A thrilling story of an encounter with a leopard comes from Serajgunge, in India. Two young English gentlemen belonging to the locality went out to hunt a leopard that had been making its presence unpleasantly felt in the neighboring villages. Neither was accustomed to hunting or to the use of firearms, but both were full of pluck and eager to show their prowess. They took up their station on a patch of cleared ground, awaiting the leopard that the beaters were chasing from his lair, when suddenly the brute leaped on one of them and caught him by the thigh, inflicting terrible injuries. His companion, seeing his danger, tried to fire at the brute, but, unfortunately, the safety-pin, with the use of which he was unacquainted, had locked the gun so that the trigger would not move. He tried to beat the leopard off from his companion, but the enraged beast turned upon him, stripping his arm and literally crunching his hand. Two of the beaters came up and used their bamboos with such telling effect that the animal turned tail and returned to the jungle. The two Europeans were removed to Serajgunge, and it was found that the first mentioned was in such a critical state that he could not be removed. He died shortly afterward. His companion was sent to Calcutta for treatment, and it is feared he will have to lose his arm. Only a short time previously a European gentleman nearly lost his life in the same place from an unexpected attack by a leopard.

EGGS FOR EASTER.

THE TIME WHEN THE AMERICAN HEN IS MOST APPRECIATED.

ENORMOUS RECEIPTS IN THIS CITY—COLORED AND DECORATED FOR CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS—WHERE ALL THE EGGS COME FROM AND WHERE THEY ALL GO.

Eggs are as inseparable from Easter as the great American bird, the turkey, is from Thanksgiving. At this season of the year not only does the consumption of eggs reach its high-water mark, but millions of them are sold to children to decorate, color and make into playthings. Eggs on these mild opening spring days are better to eat than at any other season of the year, and for this reason thousands of people buy them for their tables who are not impelled to choose them as food by reason of any religious scruples. In the trade eggs about Easter time are known to be excellent and are said to be "at the mark." So great is the confidence of the public in the American hen about this time that large purchases of eggs, involving thousands of dollars, are made without the formality of an official inspection, a risk which no egg-dealer would dream of taking later in the year. Even the heart of the retailer and corner-groceryman melts at Easter, and he recognizes the season by selling eggs at cost price. But it is in the artistic line that the egg, as the symbol of Easter, stands pre-eminent. Shop windows are filled with eggs, real and artificial, colored and decorated and arranged in every conceivable device. Candy eggs are "new laid" in the sight of passing school-boys. The beautiful spectacle of thousands of children holding an "egg-rolling" festival on the lawn of the White House is described every year in the newspapers, and has become of National interest. Formerly, before its slopes had been terraced and cut up into walks, the favorite egg-rolling spot of the boys and girls of Washington was on the slope of Capitol Hill. The coloring of Easter eggs becomes a more popular pastime among the children every year. The practice of having these beautiful tokens on Easter morning has spread throughout all Christian lands. Every drug-store in this city displays in its windows little packages of "Easter dyes," yellow, pink, blue, green, red, violet, and orange. The most beautiful colors can be obtained, and at trifling expense, as it takes but a small portion of a package of dye to color a dozen eggs. Here is the proper process: Boil fresh, clean, white eggs at least ten minutes. Add a little dissolved dye, any color wanted, and a teaspoonful of strong vinegar to a pint of water. Then put in the eggs and let them remain until the desired shade is obtained. The eggs may be eaten with safety after being colored.

There is a card-writer on Sixth-ave. who reaps a rich harvest every Easter from decorating Easter eggs. He uses beautiful large goose-eggs and arranges in colors on them all manner of pretty devices—scroll-work, houses, trees, hearts, birds, fishes, and odd characters. He calls it "egg engraving." He sells his "engraved" eggs at from 60 cents to $2 each.

A woman walked into a Chambers-st. wholesale egg store one day last week and said to the proprietor:

"Can you sell me 400 pullets' eggs?"

Pullets' eggs in the trade is the name given to those abnormally small eggs laid by a hen, it is said, on "off days," so to speak.

"What do you want with so many pullets' eggs?" asked the dealer with surprise.

"Oh, I've got an order for 400 menu cards for Easter dinners," she replied. "I tried pullets' eggs last year and they took splendidly. I put a pinhole in each end, blow out the egg, decorate the shell and mount it on a card. It is beautiful and odd."

The merchant told the woman he would have to hunt through 100 barrels of eggs to find 400 pullets' eggs and couldn't afford it. He directed her to look through the establishments of the large retail egg dealers for the kind she wanted.

Eggs have been cheap this winter, and they sell at wholesale now for less than 15 cents a dozen; at retail good new-laid eggs can be had for 25 cents a dozen. Considering the number of men who have to make a living handling it between the time that the hen, with a triumphant cackle, deposits the pink-shelled product in the West to the time it is sold to the consumer in the city, 25 cents a dozen is a remarkably low figure. First, there is the Western farmer, who sells to an egg collector, who travels from farmhouse to farmhouse with his wagon. The egg collector sells to the shipper, a country merchant who packs the eggs into barrels and cases and loads the cars on the railway siding. Then he telegraphs to the city commission merchant: "I have five cars of eggs on the side track at Farmville. How much will you give?" The commission merchant finds that eggs sold at the "egg-call" on the Mercantile Exchange that day for 14 1-2 cents a dozen. He telegraphs back "Twelve cents." The bargain is closed and the eggs are shipped. In four days the railroad informs Statistician Chambers, of the Exchange, of the arrival of the consignment. The statistician posts the notice on the Exchange bulletin, where its contents are soon made known to the commission merchant. The latter, on the floor of the Exchange, offers his eggs for sale, and they are bought in 100-barrel lots by jobbers. The jobbers, in turn, sell them in lots of two and three barrels to the retail groceryman, and by-and-by they find their way to the market-basket of the consumer.

Every sale has turned a profit to the seller, unless, perhaps, the commission merchant has his consignment strike a falling market, in which case he sells at a loss when his consignment arrives.

But these are not all the interests which have reaped a profit. The railroad has turned a penny for freight; the egg's insurance, dating from the time it left the side-track until sold to the jobber, costs something, and cartage and inspection cost. There is an official egg inspector at the exchange and two deputies. All sales are made upon their certificates. The egg inspector charges 1 cent a dozen for inspection. He is an expert at the business. He places a lighted candle in a dark place, knocks the head out of the barrel or case, and proceeds to examine the eggs. He grabs three eggs in one hand and two in the other, and passes them with lightning-like rapidity before the light. One glance suffices to tell him whether the egg is good or bad. A good egg is transparent. If stale, the yolk appears as a dark floating spot; if it adheres to the side, it is in an advanced state of decay, and when the egg is opaque it is worthless. The extent of shrinkage in the white determines how old the egg is, a thirty-second part of an inch denoting three weeks, a sixteenth six weeks, and so on. There are some inspectors who say they can detect a limed egg also in that rapid glance they give, but they have never explained how they did so. The inspector will examine about one barrel or one case in ten. There are about seventy dozen eggs in a barrel and about thirty dozen in a case. On an average he will find something over one dozen bad and two dozen cracked eggs in every barrel. The bad eggs, of course, are not paid for. Every cracked egg is counted as half a good egg.

There is always a ready sale at a low price for cracked eggs. Poor people ask for them regularly in the retail stores, and they are regarded as a commercial article of no small importance. That is right and proper. But how about the bad eggs? Considerably over 1,000,000 dozen decayed and pungent eggs reach the city every year. What becomes of them? If you ask an egg man, he will smile and say that he does not know, but that nothing is wasted. That is true. All the bad eggs are sold. Some go to the tanneries to help put an extra polish on leather. A larger number of them are sold to the great coffee-roasting establishments. There the odoriferous contents are utilized to put an oily gloss on the roasted coffee bean. Thus eventually the egg that is cast out by the Exchange jobber finds its way to the stomach of the consumer. Probably the unsuspecting consumer, judging by its looks, congratulates himself on getting a pound of coffee of extra strength and richness of aroma and flavor. Probably he has.

The receipts of eggs at this port during 1889 were 336,241 barrels and 1,255,585 cases. In the preceding year they were 380,338 barrels and 959,781 cases. The daily receipts during Lent amount to about 3,360,000 eggs. This does not include the eggs brought in from Long Island and near-by points. The importation of eggs for 1889 amounted, in round numbers, to 15,000,000 dozen. Formerly a large part of these came from Europe, but now seven-eighths of the imported stock is brought in from Canada. The rapid development of the South as an egg-producing section has driven the European hen from the market, and a proposition before Congress to place a duty of 5 cents a dozen on imported eggs, has sent a shiver down the backs of Canadian farmers.

"It is a good bill and the trade in this city hopes to see it pass," said a Chambers-st. commission merchant to a Tribune reporter. "Those Canadian eggs ought to be driven out. They are laid in May, held in icehouses until the following fall, then shipped in here to break down the price. The eggs by that time have lost half of their solids by evaporation and only demoralize the market with a poor article. About five men control the Canadian egg trade. They never spend a cent here in return. Now the South is forging ahead and with a little duty they will drive out the Canadian egg and put a better product on the market. We get eggs shipped here even from as far South as Texas."

Eggs are classed as "new-laid," "fresh-gathered," "refrigerator," "held," and "limed," and graded as "firsts," "seconds," and "known-marks." The refrigerator egg is getting more and more a hold in business. Eggs bought in the spring at 10 cents a dozen are held in refrigerators until December when they are put on the market and sold for 17 and 19 cents a dozen. "Liming," however, is the commonest way of conserving eggs. The secret of keeping eggs is to exclude the air from the interior. The shell is not naturally air-tight. Eggs immersed in lime-water acquire a disagreeable and peculiar taste; salt-water penetrates; ashes, cornmeal, bran and sawdust do not preserve them. The use of oil or varnish is not to be commended. Eggs will keep for a year if treated as follows: Take perfectly fresh and round eggs and then pure water; for every three gallons of water put one pint of fresh slacked lime, and of common salt one half-pint. Mix well and let the barrel be half-full of this liquid. Then with a dish let down the fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with water so that they may roll out without cracking the shell; for if the shell should be cracked the egg will spoil. New-laid eggs plunged into a solution of carbolic acid (1-500) will keep perfect for three months. For long keeping for either eating or breeding eggs should be packed with the large end downward. A year is not a great age for a limed egg when it gets to the consumer.

There are many people in this city who are willing to pay handsomely for eggs they know to be fresh. But the countryman with a basketful of fresh eggs is never seen on the streets here. Some rascally dealers stamp eggs with the name of a farm, or label them "fresh eggs for invalids," and pass them off on the public for awhile as bona fide fresh-laid eggs, but all such devices are known in the trade as "fakes." One class of buyers who must have the freshest of eggs are the first-class saloonkeepers. A doubtful egg will never do for a "sherry flip." Many of these men are members of the Mercantile Exchange, and became so simply to be in a position to buy the freshest eggs to be had in large quantities. Many bakers, piemakers, etc., belong to the Exchange for the same reason.

WHAT RIDERS SHALL WEAR.

POINTS ON GOOD AND BAD "FORM."

CLOTHES TO WEAR IN THE PARK OR IN THE COUNTRY—SOME COMMON VIOLATIONS OF FASHION.

There are many ways of dressing for riding, but only one "correct" way. A man taking his canter in the Park or making his way along a country road on a beautiful thoroughbred is obviously more conspicuous than when walking, and if his clothes are bad they are sure to attract attention and provoke unfavorable comment. The English slang term, "awful duffer," is applied to the man who "turns himself out" to ride without an attempt to do the thing properly. That many wretched clothes, "shocking bad" hats and faulty boots and breeches are seen in Central Park is a well-known and deplorable fact. The slovenliness of some riders is attributable to indifference, but by far the greater number cut a sorry figure because they do not know how to order the proper riding clothes and patronize tailors and bootmakers that have no knowledge of this branch of their trade. There never was a tailor who would not undertake to make a pair of breeches, and most of them declare they know all about it, when the chances are ten to one that they never have seen a properly made pair. The result of the efforts of this class of tradesmen is pretty sure to make the rider ridiculous.

The experience of many so-called bootmakers consists in having constructed hundreds of boots of the sort worn for walking by men with old-fashioned ideas and they know little or nothing about the riding-boot. It is absolutely necessary that good, in fact the best, tailors and bootmakers should be patronized if one wishes to appear well in the saddle. There are two or three tailors in New-York and about as many bootmakers who can "fit one out" properly, and the man taking up riding should hunt them up and make sure that he has selected one of the right few. The beginner will find that riding fashions are not hard to keep "well up" with, for there is seldom any marked or essential change.

For park riding the "top" or tall silk hat should invariably be worn. It is hardly necessary to fasten it on with a cord except for cross-country work. The cutaway coat should be of a dark, neutral-colored diagonal worsted cloth or Melton, lined with flannel of a weight suitable for the season and climate in which it is to be worn. For summer the silk lining is perhaps preferable. The turned-down collar should be of the same material as the coat, and the breast, side and change pockets should be provided with broad flaps. The skirt is cut to fall clear of the saddle, and, with the waist seam, is cut hollow to avoid creasing. For park riding some men wear riding trousers with a strap beneath the instep, but boots and breeches seem more popular in New-York and have received the sanction of many men of good taste.

Breeches should be of a soft shade of brown Bedford-cord or whip-cord. Shades of gray are worn by some, but brown is without doubt the popular color. The breeches should be decidedly baggy about the thighs and should narrow down to fit tightly at the knees. The extensions below the knees should fit the calf perfectly, or when the boots are on they will prove extremely uncomfortable. The outside seams should be corded and four buttons and a little buckskin bow should show above the tops of the boots.

If trousers are worn they should be of a quiet brown or gray cloth. With breeches, boots or leggings and shoes are worn. The boot-leg should be as small as it can be and admit the foot, and as nearly as possible cylindrical from ankle to top. There should be coquettish wrinkles at the ankle and the heel should not be extraordinarily high. The best dressed men do not wear tops for Park riding.

If leggings are worn with the breeches they should be of waterproof box-cloth or Melton, and not of leather. They should button and not buckle on, and should not be shaped closely about the ankle. The buttons should be of yellow horn and the color of the leggings should be about the same as or somewhat lighter than the breeches. The shoes worn with leggings are similar to the ordinary walking shoe, but lace somewhat higher and have not the little hooks that were invented for lazy men. The soles should be of medium weight.

In waistcoats greater latitude is allowed the rider than in any other garment. They may be of the same cloth as the coat or of any reasonable fancy design in silk or wool plush. Generally speaking, the jacket or sack coat should be avoided by riders, and a man wearing one, together with a "pot" or "Derby" hat, looks decidedly like a groom.

Upon informal occasions in the country, however, they are much worn, perhaps without violating good taste.

HER FEET MAY NOT HAVE BEEN PRETTY.

From The Lewiston Journal.

The woman who left orders that she be interred in a robe that she wouldn't be ashamed of at the resurrection could appreciate the feelings of a man of whom the Greenwood correspondent of "The Oxford Democrat" tells the following story: "A woman died in poor circumstances, and one of the neighbors started out to procure funds for a burial robe. The first man interviewed was Mr. Blank, who is not so much noted for piety as eccentricity. On hearing her story, Mr. B. inquired how much the garment in question would cost. 'About $5 for a long robe, while a short one can be had for considerably less, perhaps $3,' was the reply. Mr. B. drew out his pocket-book and handed her a $5 bill, with the remark: 'Here, take this and buy the first kind mentioned. I don't want to meet that woman in Heaven with a short robe on.'"

TICKETS ON THE SIDEWALK.

WHAT THEATRICAL MANAGERS THINK OF SPECULATORS.

METHODS OF GUARDING AGAINST THEM—A CHANGE IN THE LAW WANTED.

With the managers of the New-York theatres and with the people who go to the theatres the subject of speculation in tickets has long been an absorbing and often a perplexing one. The men who stand before the playhouses and shout to everybody who passes, whether he is going to the play or not, that they have the best seats in the house and that none can be bought inside have borne many and deep execrations. Theatre-goers have denounced them as nuisances and their methods as disorderly, and managers have tried to keep tickets out of their hands altogether, yet they are in the same old places every night and their business seems to thrive. On the other hand managers have been charged from time to time with forming compacts with the speculators which compelled the buyers of seats to pay extra prices for them, and many of the buyers themselves have encouraged the sidewalk dealers by purchasing of them regularly and often, instead of at the box office. The speculators are no doubt able to accommodate some people to whom the premium is no consideration and who prefer to find good seats waiting for them at the door rather than to take the trouble to go or send to the box-office for them some days in advance. The worst effect of the system is seen when these men secure practically all the good seats for some unusual attraction and compel the payment of a premium by people of limited means who would gladly buy them at the box-office, even at some inconvenience, for the sake of getting them at such a price as they feel that they can afford.

A week ago there was an incident in front of one of the city's theatres, just before the beginning of the play, when the sidewalk and the lobby were filled with people, that has drawn unusual attention to this business and to the men who carry it on. It was nothing less than a quarrel between two ticket speculators which ended in the killing of one by the other. Since then several managers have spoken freely on the subject and their views are so decided, and also, in some cases, so different, that a comparison of them is likely to prove of interest. It should be noted, however, that the opinions here expressed refer only to sidewalk speculators, and not to those at the hotels and recognized offices, who, it is generally admitted, are able to offer much valuable accommodation to the public, and especially to travellers. Many people, indeed, who go to the theatre regularly never go near a box-office, but have standing accounts with hotel ticket dealers, and this is also true to a more limited extent of the sidewalk men. That the incident just mentioned should have happened in front of the Fourteenth Street Theatre rather than any other, is not due in any way to the management or methods of the house, and it does not connect itself in any way with the manager. Yet, as it did happen there, the Fourteenth Street Theatre may be taken as a starting point for inquiry into the system, and Mr. Rosenquest's opinions about it may be given first.

STRONGLY AGAINST THE SPECULATORS.

Mr. Rosenquest is also the manager of the Bijou Theatre, and he declares eternal war on ticket speculators. He formerly had arrangements by which he allowed one in the lobby of each theatre as a protection against others, but now he has stopped even that. He does not see any practical way, however, to keep away those who stay outside and do not get in front of the door, as long as the city grants them licenses. It may here be noted that the license granted by the city allows the holder of it to sell tickets on the sidewalk, but not in front of the door of the theatre, except by permission of the manager.

"When you see speculators about a theatre," says Mr. Rosenquest, "you may know it is doing a good business. If the attraction does not draw well, there will never be any trouble with speculators. The law ought to be changed so that they should not be licensed. I am thoroughly against the whole system and I use every effort to prevent these men from getting hold of the tickets at all, but as long as the city gives its approval to the business I do not see how the managers can do anything effectual against it." Mr. Rosenquest also explains that many people depend on the speculators for their seats, coming to the theatre late and expecting to find them, and he has met with remonstrances from such people for not having a speculator on hand to sell them good seats when there were none in the box office.

Charles Burnham, acting manager of the Star Theatre, agrees generally with Mr. Rosenquest. Here, too, one speculator was formerly allowed by the management as a protection against others, but he is countenanced no longer. Mr. Burnham has had some experience with speculators, and he tells how, only three or four years ago, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, it was the custom actually to seize hold of people who were going in, in their efforts to make them stop and buy, and he declares that when two rivals got hold of the same man he has seen them nearly tear his clothes off. At the Star, tickets bought on the sidewalk have often been refused at the door, the buyer having been previously warned that they would be so refused. The buyers have usually been angry, but have seen the necessity for the rule when it was explained to them. A persistence in this course soon makes an end of the trouble, which does not usually begin again till some new attraction begins to fill the house, and then the process may have to be repeated. As to the principle of the system, Mr. Burnham believes that the city has no right to license a man to do business with another's private property without his consent, and he thinks there is no radical cure for the evil till the law is changed. He approves the custom of selling tickets at hotels and recognized offices, and thinks it is a real accommodation to a large part of the public.

CAN THE TRADE BE CHECKED OR NOT?

E. G. Gilmore, of the Academy of Music and Niblo's Garden, has little hope of checking speculation when a theatre is doing an exceptionally large business. He has permitted a man to stand in the lobby of each house until lately, but now he has sent them away. Efforts are made to avoid selling seats to speculators at all, but corresponding efforts are made by the speculators to get them. They themselves are known at the box offices, but they send messenger boys and shop girls, who sometimes after buying a few seats go away and change their clothes and come back for more. Then the men will go to shops where they are known, get headed paper and write notes for seats, signing the names of members of the firms and sending the notes by messengers. Sometimes several of these are received on the paper of one firm, all signed with different names but written in the same hand. As for keeping them away from the theatre Mr. Gilmore doubts the possibility. He has tried to order them off, and has been accused of assault and battery, and he adds his name to the protest against the law that grants the licenses.

Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, takes a more cheerful view of the subject. He refuses tickets bought of speculators, and he finds that his firmness in doing so discourages them. If any one whose ticket was so refused should appeal to the courts Mr. Frohman thinks that he might recover damages but only for the price of the ticket, and the plan adopted makes so much trouble for the speculator that he prefers to leave the theatre in peace rather than go to the courts. Mr. Frohman was annoyed by the men who sold tickets at extremely high prices at the Fifth Avenue Theatre when the Kendals were there, and to prevent it he says that next year, when his stars come back, he will rent the house and run it himself.

ONE REMEDY THAT IS EFFECTUAL.

Nobody talks more strongly against ticket speculators than Rudolph Aronson, of the Casino. Within a few weeks he has adopted a new way of selling seats which proves effectual in stopping the sidewalk trade. The buyer who comes to the box-office in advance does not receive coupons for his seats, but a card with a number, which corresponds to the number on an envelope in which the coupons are placed. The envelope also bears the name of the buyer. The card is good for admission for one person or more, and when he comes to the door the holder of it gives his name and receives the envelope with his coupons. Of the system and method of ticket-speculating, Mr. Aronson says: "It is an outrage on the public and an outrage on decency. It is not carried to such an extent in any other city in the world. The present method of the Casino is effectual and there is now little trouble. The public is with us in putting down the system, and if all the managers would adopt this method, which Mr. Daly started, the trouble would soon be over."

Mr. Aronson's mention of Mr. Daly recalls the system which that manager has used at his theatre for five seasons. It is not quite the same as the new one of the Casino, but the effect is the same. At Daly's a little slip of paper is given to the buyer of seats, and it contains extremely little information. It tells how many are to be admitted and the number—not the date—of the performance; it has a number of its own, and that is about all. It is torn from a stump somewhat like those in a check-book. The stump bears the numbers of the seats, and is handed to the holder of the slip as he goes into the theatre on the night of the performance. With practice, these slips are handled easily and quickly, and they put an effectual stop to sidewalk speculation. The reason of this is, of course, that, though a speculator might buy them to his heart's content, he could not sell them and give his purchaser any assurance that they are for any particular seats or any particular performances.

There are usually several speculators in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Stanton, the director, says that there is an attempt to keep tickets out of their hands as far as possible, and he does not see that anything further can be done. He disapproves the system and wishes it could be done away with, but he does not meet with any serious trouble from it. A. M. Palmer, of Palmer's Theatre and the Madison Square, takes practically the same position.

THEATRES WHERE SPECULATORS MAY SELL.

A few theatres still give permission to a limited number of speculators to sell in the lobbies or before the doors. One is allowed at the Fifth Avenue, and Mr. Reynolds, the business manager, says that he has no trouble from others, though he tries to prevent them from buying tickets. He has usually found that they conducted themselves in an orderly and gentlemanly way, and did not come nearer the door than the law allowed. At the same time he would be glad to get along without any at all. J. M. Hill also has one at the Union Square Theatre, though he dislikes the system. He has none at the Standard, and intends soon to have none at either of his houses. Mr. Sanger, of the Broadway, has one as a protection against others, who is practically an employe of the house. If the seats at the box office give out, some are immediately taken back from the speculator, and if others try to sell on the sidewalk he stands beside them and sells his at the box office price. This naturally discourages them and they soon leave the house. The manager who expresses the most kindly feelings toward the speculators is T. Henry French, of the Grand Opera House. He permits two, since he has two lobbies, and he believes that they accommodate more often than they annoy the people who come to the theatre. His prices are lower than those of the Broadway Theatre and even with a premium a ticket at the Grand Opera House does not cost so much as it does at another theatre without the premium. Mr. French thinks that many of the frequenters of his house are glad to pay the advance for the sake of getting good seats when they come late. He says, however, that if he had a Broadway theatre he would not allow speculators.

Here, then, are a good many opinions and a good many methods, some of them widely different, with regard to this rather unpopular but apparently prosperous trade. The points on which the managers agree, almost without exception, are that the whole system should be stopped and that the city should refuse to license the speculators.

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS—ART NEWS ABROAD.

The special exhibition of paintings by ten American artists will be opened to the public on Tuesday at the American Art Galleries. To-morrow there will be the usual "private view." This exhibition will lack the general interest of the collections formed by the Society and the Academy, but the idea is an excellent one and there can be no doubt of the value of the exhibition.

The twelfth exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened to the public at the Fifth Avenue Galleries three weeks from to-morrow. This year the society has some unusual advantages. The Academy has receded from the standard set in 1887 and the Society should be able to offer such a contrast to the Academy exhibition as was seen in 1881, 1882 and 1883. At that time it was predicted by some enthusiasts that the Society would become the leading organization, but the unfortunate failure of 1884 resulted in a loss of prestige from which the Society has recovered slowly and imperfectly, and meantime the Academy experienced a change of heart. As matters are, the Academy will hold its place as chief representative of American art in the estimation of the public, in spite of the low average of the miscellaneous collection shown this year. It is to be hoped that the managers of the Society will be wise enough to make their exhibition an object lesson, by which the Academy may profit in the future. The Society has the advantage of opening earlier than usual, although the opening day is still late in the season.

It is probable that many members of the Society have held back their best things for their own exhibition. If this is the case, they must share the Academy's responsibility. It can hardly be supposed that these pictures would have been rejected, even though the jury of the Academy have proved their lack of discrimination by crowding the galleries with meaningless work. The result again illustrates the practical impossibility of holding more than one even and strong exhibition. The wisest course for the artists is to unite in presenting their best work to the public at the Academy, despite certain unattractive conditions which will not be permanent. It is strange that the Academy should have paid no attention to the example of the Water-Color Society, which demonstrated the advantages of a comparatively small, well-chosen exhibition. But the discussion caused by the disappointment at Thursday's private view brought out the theory that an attempt to insist upon quality rather than size would result not only in much bad feeling, but also in an "exhibition of the rejected." Yet the Water-Color Society has passed through this experience without any injury, and it is absurd to regard the possibility as a serious reason for a "liberal" policy of acceptance.

The result of the voting upon the Clarke and Dodge prizes will be announced by a committee of Academicians and associates at the meeting of exhibitors on Wednesday, April 23. The exhibitors will award the Hallgarten prizes by a vote by ballot at a meeting to be held in the Academy at 2 o'clock on April 23. It will be remembered that the Clarke prize of $300 is for the best figure composition, the Hallgarten prizes of $300, $200 and $100 for the best pictures painted in the United States by American citizens under thirty-five years of age, and the Dodge prize of $300 for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman. In past years the first Hallgarten prize has been awarded to Messrs. Moeller, Harry Chase, Percy Moran, Kappes, Brush and Sewell; the second to Messrs. C. Y. Turner, Murphy, Coffin, Palmer, Poore and Cox, and the third to Messrs. Baker, Bunker, Wiles, Tryon, Curran and Benson. The Clarke prize has been given to Messrs. Ulrich, F. C. Jones, Satterlee, Dewing, Mowbray and Wiles, and the Dodge prize, which dates from 1887, has been awarded to Miss M. C. Richardson, Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewell and Miss Ella Condie Lamb.

The exhibition of Mr. Frederick A. Bridgman's paintings and studies will continue at the Fifth Avenue Galleries until April 18. A small exhibition of paintings by Karl Heffner has been opened by Mr. S. P. Avery, jr. This is the first collection of Professor Heffner's works which has been shown in this country, although his paintings are familiar to visitors to London, where this popular German artist lives at present. The other exhibitions continue. Whistler's etchings are shown at the Wunderlich gallery, and Mr. Closson's engravings at the Keppel gallery.

The Grolier Club opened another of its valuable exhibitions at the monthly meeting on Thursday evening. Last month the members saw a superb collection of work by the members of the Society of American Wood Engravers. This month the gallery is devoted to Whistler, who is represented in paintings, drawings and etchings. The etchings supplement the collection at the Wunderlich gallery. At the Grolier Club the exhibition begins with the Venice set and includes the new Amsterdam etchings which were noticed in The Tribune a fortnight ago. This is the first time that the Amsterdam plates have been exhibited in this country.

The prospect of the removal of the 30 per cent duty upon works of art is brighter than it has ever been before, but the removal is by no means accomplished. It is certain that the recommendations of the President and Secretary Blaine will have the greatest weight with the majority of Congress, and it is unlikely that the action of the Committee of Ways and Means will be reversed. A vote to maintain the 30 per cent duty will be a vote against these advocates of its removal, and against the most influential members of the Republican press. The case has been summed up in The Tribune, and there is little more to be said at present. It may be pointed out, however, that there is some misapprehension regarding the attitude of the dealers. It has been argued that the removal of the duty would chiefly benefit the dealers whose stock consists principally of foreign pictures. But Congressmen should understand that American artists, not the dealers, are the leaders in the movement for free art, and further that these dealers are by no means unanimous in favoring free art. It is certain that one of the largest dealers in this city favors a specific duty, and it is probable that a majority of the dealers would vote for a duty of one kind or another. It is a significant fact that the dealers have hardly been heard from since the recent discussion began at Washington.

The April "Art Amateur" continues the series of practical papers upon pen drawing for photo-engraving. This series is timely and helpful, in fact it will be of more general usefulness than Mr. Pennell's curiously ill-natured work. Like Mr. Pennell, however, the writer is disposed to exalt his mission, or rather the mission of his particular art, and we find that in his eyes an effective drawing well adapted to process reproduction is a very great art. Indeed, he declares that a certain drawing by Gutin might rank with the best pen studies by Michel Angelo, Da Vinci and Albert Durer, which revives the old question of whether art is a question of technique, and a special and narrow technique at that, or whether it has a larger meaning. There is the usual supply of special articles and department notes in this number, and the plates include a frontispiece portrait of Vierge, and two colored plates.

"The London Times" describes Mr. C. F. Ulrich's painting "For the Battle of Flowers," which has been exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Tooth & Co., and the critic says: "Mr. Ulrich, who is an American settled at Venice, and whose small pictures at the Academy we noticed last year, is certainly one of the most artistic of the painters now working in the famous city, and he appears to be making rapid progress." In Dowdeswell's gallery the critic discovered some examples of Mr. Muhrman, "whose view of life and landscape is too gloomy for words, though his painting power is considerable."